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1918



Khaki and Blue

Frank L. Wood

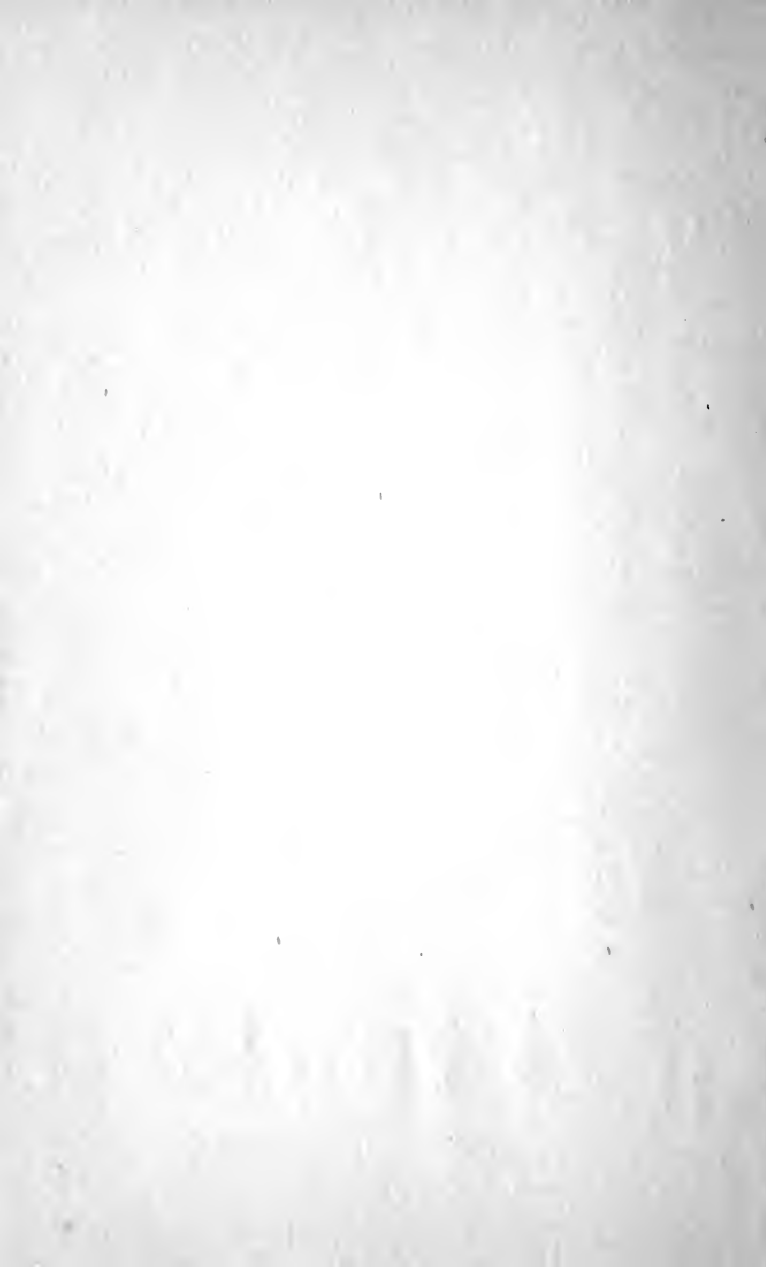


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KHAKI AND BLUE

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Frank L. Wood

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no 1

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DEDICATED

In general to all who are with the Colors, and in particular to the friends of the author, who at many posts of duty, are adding to the glory of the Republic and performing an immortal service for humanity.

THE OBJECTIVE

This little transport sails out upon the crowded sea of war verse with the wish of the author that its cargo may contain a message that will add to the hope and courage of those who abide for a time at its ports of call.

KHAKI AND BLUE

KHAKI AND BLUE

I have seen the Allies in uniforms bright,
From over the sea and the thick of the
fight,
Parade through the street in a full dress
review;
But the colors I like best are khaki and
blue.

These heroes of yours—do you love to
behold,
In bright regimentals of purple and gold?
While colors resplendent may mean much
to you,
My tribute I'll pay to the khaki and blue.

The bluejacket lads, for their comrades
will care,
And land them all safe in the land "over
there";
In dangerous zones they will cut their
way through,
And circle the khaki-filled transports with
blue.

With high-sounding phrases the Kaiser
may boast,
The valor and strength of his gray man-
tled host;
The day is at hand when his boasting
he'll rue,
When gray meets the legions of khaki
and blue.

His cohorts will fall and his world plans
will fail,
When caught in the swirl of the Yankee
land gale;
His armies will sleep 'neath the sod and
the dew,
While o'er them in triumph sweep khaki
and blue.

The soldiers in khaki will push on the
fight,
The dashing marines will go forth in
their might,
Until the war lords shall declare they are
through,
And lay down their arms to the khaki
and blue.

The khaki and blue form a fine color
scheme,
One better by far than an artist's fond
dream;

And uniformed thus, they will cut their
 way through,
And color Germania with khaki and blue.

At last, when the battle's red riot is o'er,
And they have come back to the home-
 land's dear shore,
Our deathless devotion we'll pledge them
 anew,
And garland with glory the khaki and
 blue.

But while we remember these heroes of
 ours,
We'll think of their comrades asleep
 'neath the flowers,
Who died for a cause which they knew
 to be true,
And now lie enshrouded in khaki and
 blue.

A. E. F.

According to the censorship,
I'm not allowed by pen or lip
 The place I am, to tell;
But I will venture here to say
I am not where I was the day
 I wrote you I was well.
But where I was upon the day
On which I left to go away
 To where I was before
I left that place, to come down here.
I hope I make my meaning clear;
 Please write me here once more.

THE ARMY NURSE

No war bands played the day you went
Away; no great parade, no flags
 Waved gayly in the air;
But quietly on mercy bent,
You put aside your doubts and fears,
And bravely met the untried years
 And all the dangers waiting there.

In all the troubled days since then
Unto your ministry, they bring
 The battle's legacy
Of broken, blighted, mangled men;
With tenderness you give your skill,
And save, where others sought to kill,
 And create faith in things to be.

Along the avenues of pain
You make your tireless rounds; where
 lads
 About the homeland dream;
For some, your loving care is vain;
You write a letter, watch their breath,
And hold their hands in yours, till death
 Demands the sacrifice supreme.

When battle flags have all been furled,
And no foe lurks in sea below,
Or waits in air above;
And peace has come to all the world,
The army nurse who put behind
All thought of self, will be enshrined
Forever in a nation's love.

FROM CALICO TO KHAKI

The years have gone by, but I still hear
his whoop
Commanding his broomstick, crack cav-
alry troop;
His saber was made from a stout piece
of lath,
And with it to victory he carved a sure
path.

The infantry ranks of the mullen stock
horde,
Were laid low in death by the swing of
his sword;
He routed the foe with the threat of his
shout,
And carried by storm his strong corncob
redoubt.

His uniform gay was of calico made,
The straps of his rank were of red col-
ored braid,
A newspaper helmet adorned his proud
head,
His spurs formed from tin, were of silver,
he said.

He came back from battle with proud
 martial mien,
A warrior bolder had never been seen;
And little I dreamed there would e'er
 come a day,
When war would to him be aught else
 than a play.

His calico suit is now khaki instead,
Real spurs on his boots, service cap on
 his head;
The sign of the rank of my brave son of
 Mars,
Is cloth stuff no longer, but two silver
 bars.

The lath has been changed into fine tem-
 pered steel,
For men and not mullen weed foemen to
 feel;
No more his command is a lot of tin toys,
But brave-hearted, red-blooded Yankee
 land boys.

No longer the battle is back of the barn,
But surges in blood on the banks of the
 Marne;
He no longer charges some make-believe
 guns,
But nests of them, manned by the hordes
 of the Huns.

The picture so often becomes strangely
 blurred,
When things of the past by the present
 are stirred;
He seems to be clad in a calico suit,
But clutched in his hand is a gun that
 will shoot.

The newspaper hat on his head seems to
 rest,
The French Croix de Guerre, though, is
 pinned on his breast;
The battle he fought once, behind the old
 barn,
Seems part of the one on the banks of
 the Marne.

I wonder if sometime he'll ride back from
 war,
As gayly as in the dear, dead days of
 yore;
Or whether he'll stay where he took the
 great chance,
And sleep the long sleep 'neath the red
 fields of France.

OVER THERE AND OVER HERE

The weapons of war they are wielding,
While pathways of peace we pursue;
They witness the carnage unyielding,
Serene are the scenes which we view.

They march through the mud and the
mire,
The blood-sodden ground is their bed;
They live day and night under fire,
We study the lists of the dead.

From slumber, barrages awake them,
But peaceful and calm is our sleep;
The legions in gray wait to break them,
The khaki death harvest to reap.

We work without shadow of danger,
While death seeks for them in the air,
And warfare has no story stranger
Than that which is waged "over there."

We still follow after our pleasure,
As they suffer losses and pain;
The battle is taking their measure,
While here we are counting our gain.

They write upon history's pages,
But we only read what they do;

Their story will live through the ages,
And ever the tale will be new.

So we, over here, must be giving,
To prove that in them we believe,
Must modify greatly our living,
That they, by our gifts, may achieve.

Must labor with love that's eternal,
And all of our energy give,
To smite the pan-German infernal,
That freedom and justice may live.

The most we can do, in comparing
Our work with the deeds they have
done,
Their sacrifice, valor and daring,
Is as star dust compared with the sun.

And so with a love that is tireless,
We send from our hearts over here,
Far flung on the wings of the wireless,
A message of comfort and cheer.

With faith in the future, transcending,
We breathe to our Father a prayer,
To give his protection unending
To those whom we love "over there."

TO ARMS

She was a little Yankee lass,
And he was brave and good.
He wanted her to be his wife;
She did not think she could.

And then the nation went to war—
He went to say good-bye;
And thought that while he had a chance,
His luck once more he'd try.

He told her of the Germans' threats,
And pictured war's alarms;
She heaved a patriotic sigh,
And met his call to arms.

"NO MAN'S LAND"

Somewhere far across the ocean,
Is a place called "No Man's Land,"
And the boundaries that mark it
Were not stretched by human hand;
No one knows its size or limits,
For they change from hour to hour,
Shifting ever with the shifting,
Of the battle's restless power.

Battle flags flaunt not above it,
There is heard no war band's blare,
Soldiers do not fight to music,
When to "No Man's Land" they fare;
Without value in the market,
Yet for every fresh advance,
Men have paid in lives by thousands,
For each new gained foot of France.

Red the streams that flow across it
From the fount of human life,
Banked with those whose lives were
given,
In the savagery of strife;
And the fruits that grow upon it,
Are the crimson fruits of war,
While the flowers there are nurtured,
By the warriors' blood and gore.

He who dares to cross its borders,
Finds his way mid tangled wire,
He who shows his head in daylight,
Draws the foeman's instant fire;
'Tis a place to measure heroes,
For a weakling cannot stand
All the acid test of battle,
Sweeping over "No Man's Land."

O'er it, mighty airships hover
Like huge vultures for their prey;
By it, tense-faced men wait ever
For the word to start the fray.
Changing always are its limits,
But where'er its boundaries be,
It lies always 'twixt the forces
Of the slave and of the free.

Land of silence, black, oppressive,
Land of sudden, swift surprise,
Land of crawling, broken manhood,
Land where death drops from the skies;
Land of dread and desolation,
Land of mystery and gloom,
Land of whisperings on the night wind,
Land of hatred, land of doom.

This sad land will keep on moving,
Under plane and over mine,
Till it reaches bleeding Belgium,
Till it moves across the Rhine;

There will be no halt or turning,
There will be no digging in
Until freedom's flags are carried
Through the streets of old Berlin.

BELGIUM

You too, have known Gethsemane;
You too, have gone to Calvary;
In that great hour you too, were brave,
And saving others, could not save
Your own.

Where hosts of gray at you were hurled,
You stood that day to save the world,
And stopped them with your line of fire,
And there you built your funeral pyre,
Alone.

Then hate turned loose its hellish flood,
And drenched your land with fire and
blood.

Some day your anguish will be o'er,
And all the world will know that war
Is past.

Some day a light will pierce the gloom,
The stone be shattered at your tomb;
And then shall Peace with lips long
dumb,
Proclaim your resurrection come,
At last.

THE ALLIES

Flags of many peoples,
But only one, I see;
And brightly blazoned on it,
"The nations shall be free."

Songs of many nations,
But only one refrain;
It echoes through the distance,
"The people's will shall reign."

Arms of many countries
Proclaim to single foe,
In thunder tones of battle,
"Autocracy shall go."

THE FLAG

The flag is still there;
 Its stars,
 And its bars,
Are telling a wonderful story.

The flag is still there;
 It flies,
 'Neath the skies,
An emblem of power and glory.

The flag is still there;
 With tears,
 Amid fears,
In brave days of old, 'twas unfurled.

The flag is still there;
 To-day,
 Points the way,
To liberty's shrine, through the world.

The flag is still there;
 It flies,
 Where the cries,
Of Tyranny's victims are carried.

The flag is still there;
 It waves,
 O'er the graves,
Where heroes who loved it, are buried.

The flag is still there;
It floats,
O'er the boats,
That bring to the foe desolation.

The flag is still there;
In right,
Is its might,
The honor and strength of the nation.

The flag is still there;
At sea,
It will be,
A power which no foe can sever.

The flag is still there;
On land,
It will stand,
For union and freedom, forever.

WHEN THE BLUE STAR TURNS TO GOLD

So they called you to the colors,
And I placed a star of blue
On a white and red ribbed banner,
Loving symbol, boy, of you.
Useless, thought I, was the story
Which to me another told,
That if death should bring you glory,
I must change the blue to gold.

Then they sent you to the trenches
In the land of "Over There,"
And at night and noon and morning,
I have breathed a little prayer,
That through all your brave endeavor,
Your dear star would brightly shine,
That it might stay blue forever
On this service flag of mine.

One dark day there came a message,
And I held it in my hand;
Read that you had died in battle
In a place called "No Man's Land,"
Words that swept my life with sorrow,
Turned my bright world bleak and cold,
Made me fear to face the morrow,
Since your star had turned to gold.

But you did a soldier's duty,
In the tumult of the fight;
Offered up the life I gave you,
In a brave defense of right.
As I picture you a sleeping,
Far off 'neath the sod and dew,
Though my eyes are wet with weeping,
I'd not change the gold to blue.

HIS OBJECTIVE

"Hello! Billy, haven't seen you for an age, and then a while,
Glad to see that you are wearing that expansive, old-time smile;
You are looking fine's a fiddle—why the dinkey traveling kit?
Going on a little outing, or the old town going to quit?"

"Neither. While I'm looking frisky, I am feeling only fair,
And my guardian, Uncle Samuel, says I need the open air;
So I'm going out a camping, with ten thousand other boys;
Swell place, up along the river, far removed from city noise.

"When this little outing's over, I am going to the shore,
Where I'll be upon a diet; pesky thing is quite a bore;
But my uncle says my stomach must be given special care,
So he makes himself a censor of my little bill of fare.

"Then he plans a trip to Europe, and his planning never fails,

Don't know yet what boat I'll go on, nor
the date on which it sails;
For he doesn't want me bothered with a
lot of friendly junk,
Steamer letters, cake and candy, that
would fill another trunk.

"On the way I may see London, but I'm
heading straight for France,
Where I'll wander round the country.
If the season shall advance,
I may do a little hiking with ten thousand
other lads,
Who have each a guardian uncle, in the
absence of their dads.

"Then I'll take a run through Belgium;
rather like the climate there,
And perhaps will do some shooting, if
the season opens fair;
If I find my health improving, I may go
across the Rhine,
Where they tell me that the scenery is
particularly fine.

"I will watch the golden sunsets from
some mansion, ivy clad,
Standing by the ancient river with tradi-
tions sweet and sad;
Then I'll hurry to a city where I have
no friend or kin,
But I'm sure my health will profit by a
trip to old Berlin."

THE SALUTE

The rookie saluted the colonel,
He did it in bungling fashion,
The officer stopped in his progress,
And seemed in a towering passion.
"Come back here, young man," he said
sternly;
The rookie obeyed, badly frightened,
The colonel's eyes twinkled upon him,
The face of the rookie then brightened.

"Now listen, my boy," he said kindly,
"Saluting of that sort is rotten,
Ideas of how to perform it,
You do not yet seem to have gotten;
With me it's all right, but be careful,
The guardhouse is where you'll be sent,
For sloppy and awkward position,
Saluting some second lieutenant."

WE'LL NOT FORGET

In training camp, on stormy sea,
Where'er dear friends of ours may be,
Our hopes, our prayers, are with them
yet;
We'll not forget; we'll not forget.

When they are in the danger zone,
Where sub-sea boats in depths unknown,
Await their human prey to get,
Till safe in port we'll not forget.

Where now the stars and stripes unfurl,
Above the conflict's swing and swirl,
Where Hun and khaki hosts have met,
In danger's day we'll not forget.

Where cannon smoke has laid its pall,
Where trench knives gleam and airplanes
fall,
In camp, on march, mid battle's fret,
In darkest hour we'll not forget.

Their names to-day we will enshrine,
While on the Flanders fighting line
Their flag is flung; their lines are set;
Their sacrifice we'll not forget.

In field below or sky above,
We'll hold them in our faith and love,
And pray, the while our eyes are wet,
That God, our friends will not forget.

Then some glad day, 'twill come at last,
When peace has dawned and war is past,
With love we'll strive to pay the debt,
Which we shall never more forget.

And then we'll welcome back again,
Our dauntless host of fighting men;
When thus, once more we shall have met,
'Twill be a day we'll not forget.

THE VETERAN

He has marched long miles through mud
 and mire,
And has slept in the chilling rain;
He has stood with comrades under fire
 When they fell like sickled grain.

He has felt the sear of saber thrust,
And the crunch of a gun on his head;
He has charged red eyed with battle lust;
 On the field, been left for dead.

He has faced a gun whose leaden spray
 Was as hot as a demon's breath;
He has fought by night and fought by day
 In the trysting place of death.

On his form, he bears the battle scars
 Of a veteran tried and true;
On his shoulder, wears two silver bars,
 And his age is twenty-two.

THE ARCH OF THE GOLDEN STAR

(Erected in Memory of Chicago's Soldier Dead)

Arch of triumph, arch of tears,
Arch of faith that calms our fears,
 Bow we at thy portal;
O'er thee, freedom's banners stream,
On thee, names of battles gleam,
 Battle names immortal.

Standing here 'twixt lake and land,
Product of the brawny hand,
 And the heart of labor;
In sweet memory of the brave,
Going to a nameless grave,
 Wielding gun and saber.

Eagles keeping guard above
Heroes' names enshrined in love,
 And in fadeless glory;
From your crest there streams afar,
Light supreme from golden star,
 With its thrilling story.

Silent tribute thus you pay,
To the boys who went away
 From their lakeside city;
Kindly, you the story tell
To their friends, that all is well;
 Tell it with your pity.

Arch of honor to the brave,
Arch of hope beyond the grave,
 With thy shield uplifting;
Breathed is many a silent prayer
By some sad heart passing there,
 In the gay crowd drifting.

Arch of purest loyalty,
Arch of deathless memory,
 And of love begotten;
Send this message "over there"
"On the land, at sea, in air";
 We have not forgotten.

NO COMPROMISE

The moment has sounded in destiny's
tower,
To settle the question of Germany's
power.
It is either the spirit of Frederick the
Great,
Or Washington, soldier and founder of
State;
The spirit of Bismarck, of iron and blood,
Or Lincoln, the guide through rebellion's
fierce flood;
Of Wilhelm the Last, or our own
president.
Who does not talk peace, when it's war
that is meant.

We're for the old flag or against it you
see,
There's no middle ground and there never
can be.
We love every star on our dear service
flag,
A symbol that's holy, or else a mere rag.
We honor the land of the free and the
brave,
Or else give allegiance to those which
enslave.

With nations contending for liberty's
prize,
There's no place that's neutral; there's
no compromise.

The one who dares say: "I am neutral
to-day—"
When boys clothed in khaki on battle-
fields lay,
Are burned in the air and are drowned
in the sea—
A menace to free institutions is he;
A traitor to altars with freedom aflame,
Unworthy to bear the American name.

CAMOUFLAGE

"Mornin', Cap'n, I've a letter from
Bridget,
She says things are goin' all wrong,
I'd like to run home on a furlough,
I'll not, sir, be askin' for long.
Our Mamie is sick with the measles,
And Tommie is down with the mumps,
And Jimmie won't mind when he's told
to,
And Bridget is sure in the dumps.
There's some little matters financial,
I'll not be a tellin' about;
If I could get off on a furlough
I know I could straighten things out."
"Now, Michael, that's strange," said the
captain,
"Your wife has just written to me;
She says all the family are happy,
And they are as well as can be.
So what she has said in her letter,
And what you've been telling to me,
You can readily see without urging,
Do not in the least way agree."
There followed a minute of silence,
Which Michael, half laughing, then
broke;
"I just was a wonderin', captain,
If you could be game for a joke."

"Why, surely, for back in the home town,
I liked a good joke with the rest,
And the daily grind here at the station,
Would add to a good one, some zest."
"I'm glad you feel that way," said
Michael,

"For we are big liars, we two,
And if you will listen a minute,
I think I can prove it to you.
You couldn't have gotten that letter,
Because, sir, I haven't a wife;
And I couldn't hear from her, either;
I never had one in my life."

THE COLORS

"Does the flag mean nothing new, you
ask,
Since we have tackled this world-wide
task?"

I will answer "yes," and you shall see,
Just why it means something new to me.
When my pal most loved, one shell-swept
night,

In "No Man's Land" went over to fight,
The enemy drove the others back,
But he came not from the battle's wrack.

On my hands and knees, through fires of
hell,

I reached the place where he fought and
fell;

And I found a wound across his head—
The gash of death in a damp, warm red;
And upturned there in the gloom of night,
His bonnie face was an ashen white,
While the French sky bent above us two,
With silver stars in its field of blue.

GOOD-BYE AND GOOD LUCK

Good-bye, lad; it's tough to have you go,
But I wouldn't be keepin' you;
It seems but yesterday when you was a
 kid, no bigger than a minute,
A trudgin' here at my side,
Round faced, bright eyed, with your arm
 around my knee,
Like you'd seen your ma hold my arm
 when we had walked together.
And I'd look down and say: "What are
 we, son?"
And you would answer back, "Why, we
 is chums";
Remember?
And all the years since then, that's what
 we've been.
Chums. A sort of combination of a
 brother and a son; that's what you've
 been to me.
And here you are grown up and goin' to
 war.
That uniform looks fine on you.
I wish the government could have found
 some other way to handle this.
But they know best down there at Wash-
 ington, and 'taint for me to criticize.
I'll miss you a lot around the house, my
 son.

But I wouldn't be keepin' you.
There, don't mind them; they ain't tears.
Leastwise, if they are, they're tears of
 joy,
Because I'm proud to have you go.
I'll miss you comin' to our room at night,
When ma and I have gone to bed,
And you a leanin' over and kissin' her;
And sayin', "good-night, mother dear."
And then a shakin' hands with me; a kind
 of habit, made when I used to hold
 your hand until you went to sleep.
And you would say, "good-night, dad,"
 and through the dark I'd answer,
 "good-night, son."
And now to-night, you'll not be there and
 the empty places will tell me where
 you've been.
You brought much joy to us by these lit-
 tle acts of kindness and we'll not be
 forgettin' them.
The house won't seem the same old place:
We'll listen for your whistle and won't
 hear it any more.
We'll be longin' for your noise and the
 slammin' of the door.
We'll hear a step upon the porch. At
 first we'll think it's yours, but a
 stranger will be standin' there.
'Twon't be so hard for me, for men don't
 take things so;
But I'm sorry for your ma.

Nights lately, I'd wake up and find she
hadn't been asleep.

Just a lyin' still, and starin' wide-eyed at
the ceilin'.

And I'd reach over and take her hand
and she would hold it tight and sob,

And then, quiet-like she'd say:

'O God, my baby; my baby boy.'

And I knew that you were back again in
her arms, a little child.

And all I did was just hold her hand.

When grown sons have become little
babies once more in their mother's
arms, talkin' don't do any good.

There comes your train. I hear it whist-
lin' for the crossin'.

In case anything happens, son;

Nothing is goin' to happen—but in case
it does, and—and you don't come
back,

We'll always be thinkin' of you and we'll
set your place at the table

Just like we expected to hear you come
blusterin' in with your glad "hello!"

But you'll be comin' back when this thing
is over and we'll be here to meet you.

Here it comes.

Good-bye.

Sorry your ma didn't feel strong enough
to see you off.

Said she couldn't stand it to see the train
pull out.

Good-bye. That darned conductor is in
a big hurry to start.

Good-bye, my boy; be brave, keep clean—
I can't see you very plain; where's your
hand?

Ah! that's it. Good-bye and good luck.

THE CROIX DE GUERRE

So you want to know what this is for?
Well, little man, it's a cross of war.
By the French, it's called the Croix de
Guerre,
A great French officer pinned it there.
What is that, my lad; you want to know
Not what it is, but why it is so?
It's a year since then, and I don't know
What I had done, to be honored so.

Why, of course, I'll tell you what they
said;
You see, my captain was nearly dead
In a place out there, called "No Man's
Land,"
And no one near with a helping hand;
So I crawled out, on my hands and knees,
And dragged him back with surprising
ease;
'Twas a thing that any man would do,
And rare good luck, was what got me
through.

Did the Germans shoot? Well, now, I'm
sure
They did; but say, they were mighty
poor.

With a lot of it, they did no harm
Except the loss of my old left arm,
And a bullet wound in my neck, you see,
And shrapnel scratches on foot and knee.
So it's just for that, they make me wear
This symbol, known as the Croix de
Guerre.

"CARRY ON"

(An answer to "In Flanders' Fields," the beautiful poem by Lieutenant-Colonel John McCrae of the Canadian Army Medical Corps, since dead at the front.)

Immortal words, brave John McCrae,
Were those you wrote; then went away
To join your comrades lying low,
In Flanders' fields where poppies blow.

And if so be the dead can hear,
To this, our pledge to you, give ear;
Your "quarrel" we have made our own,
And seized the "torch" which you had
 thrown;
So sleep in peace, beloved dead,
We'll keep that torch fire burning red
 O'er Flanders' fields.

We vow that you died not in vain,
Nor wasted is your loss and pain,
No coloring of vanished dream
To us, your sacrifice supreme;
We will not cease to fight, until
The foe is crushed, his guns are still;
Until war's carnival is past,
And peace has come to dwell at last
 On Flanders' fields.

So rest unharried, dead of ours,
Beneath the sunshine and the showers;
Our faith with you we still shall keep
While o'er you, men will sow and reap
In Flanders' fields.

THE TRAIL OF THE HUN

Where "mobilize quickly" the bugles
 have sounded,
And cities defenseless, the big guns have
 pounded,
Where recognized rules of all warfare
 are broken,
And Might in autocracy's accents has
 spoken,
 Through orchards which smiled in the
 face of the sun,
 Now blasted and charred, winds the
 trail of the Hun.

Where horrors are heaped on a peace-
 loving nation
And fields that were fruitful are black
 desolation,
Where churches are shattered and high-
 ways are gory,
And Art has been robbed of its beauty
 and glory;
 And outraged the office of priest and
 of nun,
 By this you may follow the trail of
 the Hun.

Where ancient cathedrals are broken and
 battered,
And once happy homes have been ruined
 and scattered,
Where women are pleading with weep-
 ing and wailing,
That honor be spared them, with pleas
 unavailing,
 Where death and disease when their
 orgies are done,
 Make plain the red trail of the hate-
 loving Hun.

Where bodies of babies are mangled and
 sundered,
Where cities are looted and countryside
 plundered,
Where crucified manhood in anguish is
 crying,
And women, debauched, in their terror
 are dying,
 Where children are murdered as part
 of the fun,
 It is there you will find the sure trail
 of the Hun.

Where all that is vicious and vile in the
 making,
Considers that virtue is made for the
 taking,
Where age is a burden for weaklings to
 cherish,

Where "kultur" is honored and ideals
perish,
Where prayer is a torch and religion a
gun,
By this you may trace the dread trail
of the Hun.

PREPAREDNESS

"Say, Sam, what branch of the awmy,
Are you all a-gwine to git in?
Tha guv'ment wants you to tell it,
An' says it'll help 'em to win."

"That shuah am a fool niggah question,
Foh me, chile, the cav'lry of cawse;
I'll nachally do all my mawchin,
High up on the back of a hawse."

"Not foh me, no suh, not foh me, Sam,
When the cap'n he done say 'retreat,'
I wants tuh be ready for runnin',
An' nuthin' to bawtha mah feet."

"Theh aint gwine to be no hesitation,
The way dat I'll lay out my cawse;
Can't afford on no such occasion
To be fussin' around with no hawse."

THE YANKEE LADS ARE HERE

“Well, Fritz, let’s give the gun a rest,
It’s getting mighty hot;
Besides, there’s not a Frenchman left
At whom to take a shot.
And when this fight is over, Fritz,
They’ll find that German guns
Have won another victory,
For the glory of the Huns.

“But look, they’re coming on again,
They’ve topped that highest hill,
We’ll let them come; we’ve got the stuff
To give them all their fill.
They’re coming down the hillside now,
Against all war-time rules,
I cannot make them out from here,
But they’re a bunch of fools.

“There is no tree on all that slope,
To make a patch of shade,
They act as if they thought that they
Were out upon parade.
I’ve been in many a fight before
To help the Fatherland,
But never saw an enemy
Make such a crazy stand.

“Ah! there, we’ve laid a slow barrage,
I wonder how they feel
When kept from their objective,
By a wall of fiery steel;
But look! they’ve pushed through that
barrage,
As if it wasn’t there;
Perhaps they call that fighting, but
They aint a fighting fair.

“In all the rules of warfare,
When barrages creep or drop,
It is a warning to the foe,
And he’s supposed to stop.
They’re in the valley wheatfield now,
They’re coming through the grain;
We’ll cut these old machine guns loose,
And give them leaden rain.

“They’ve reached the slippery river bank
Without a pontoon bridge,
And while they halt, we’ll kill them all,
With gun fire from this ridge;
We dropped a few, but look at that,
The men who haven’t died,
Are jumping in the water,
And are swimming through the tide.

“And some are sinking in the stream,
Who’ll not come up again;
And on the muddy water,
They have left a blood-red stain.

But some are scrambling up the bank,
And shooting quick and straight;
They're charging through the marshlands
now,
A cyclone filled with hate.

"They're not the French or English,
For I know their fighting well;
I never knew that men could fight
Like that, this side of hell;
They're mighty reckless fellows, Fritz,
And seem to have no fear,
For every man we get of theirs,
We're paying mighty dear.

"We dropped a dozen by that spray,
But still they rush along,
And high above the conflict's noise,
I hear their battle song.
Now they have crossed the road, and put
The Prussian Guard to flight;
They've climbed our hill like Alpine
goats,
And flanked us on the right.

"Can nothing stop their whirlwind
charge,
Not bombs nor gunners' nests?
No matter what the fighting is,
They seem to like that, best;
Their murderous bayonets are fixed,
And gleaming in the sun;

The kind of college yell they have,
Sounds like: 'We'll get the Hun.'

"I see them all too plainly now,
Their cheeks are brown and lean,
They run like very devil hounds,
Their eyes are clear and keen;
And hark! My God! did you hear that?
They die, but dying, cheer;
I know them now, throw up your hands,
The Yankee lads are here."

COMRADES

Acquaintances, while training;
Aboard the transport—friends;
And then a changed condition
That has no breaks or mends.
Together in the conflict
They feel its blasting breath,
With shoulder touching shoulder
They cross the path of death.
Acquaintances, no longer,
And even more than friends,
They have a new relation
That nothing ever ends.
They speak a stronger language,
They bear a newer name,
'Twas forged upon war's anvil,
And in the battle's flame.
The name they speak is "comrades,"
To them the finest word,
That tongue has ever uttered,
Or ear has ever heard.

THE ARMY OF THE LIVING

Somewhere among the poets
I remember to have read,
A fervid panegyric
On the "Army of the Dead";
It told in solemn cadence
How that army big and brave,
Had reached the unseen country
Through the valley of the grave.

How life's last line of trenches
They had taken on the way,
And marched with flying colors
To the camp of endless day;
For them the taps had sounded,
And their fight was at an end,
While from some height celestial,
Their bivouac fires ascend.

How endless ranks swung onward
In their voiceless grand review,
Within the land of shadows,
To their final rendezvous;
And thus was pictured to me
Where their ghostly tents were spread,
Upon the fields of silence,
By this "Army of the Dead."

But I like best that army
That can feel the throb and thrill
Of humanity's emotions
As it struggles up the hill;
O, Army of the Living!
Marching onward through the years,
I see your strength and weakness,
I know your doubts and fears.

I feel no strange elation
As I think upon the band
Of soldiers who are camping
In that dim and silent land;
I sing not of the army
Tramping through the shadows gray,
But of the living legions,
Who are marching by, to-day.

They know the joy of conflict
With its struggles and its strife,
The ebb and flow of battle
On the bloody fields of life;
The victor's wreath of laurel
On the living brow is pressed,
The while the badge of honor
Is above the throbbing breast.

O, Army of the Living!
I can hear your lilting song,
As shoulder touching shoulder,
You so gayly march along;

And I can hear your moaning
And the victor's lusty shout,
When campaigns go against you,
And they put you to the rout.

And so beside life's highroad
I behold with kindling eye,
The army of endeavor
As its serried ranks sweep by;
I hear the singing bugles
As they summon to the fray,
And cheer the marching cohorts
As they swing along the way.

Let who will sound the praises
Of the "Army of the Dead,"
And tell in thrilling meter,
Of the charges it has led;
I care not for the story
Of ancient fight and drive,
But give my salutation
To the army still alive.

HOW IT HAPPENED

A lady sat down by a hospital bed;
A Tommy lay there, with a wound in his
head.

"Now how did it happen, brave laddie?"
said she;

And this made the Tommy as peeved as
could be.

They had asked him that question so
often before,

To hear it again was like touching a sore.

"A shell, mum," he answered, and turned
to the wall,

A signal that he was quite through with
her call.

"And did it explode, sir?" the dear lady
cried,

"No'm; crept up and bit me," the
wounded lad sighed.

THE BEST-DRESSED WOMAN IN THE WORLD

One day in a club room a question arose,
Which had as its subject the old one of
clothes;

An earnest debater soon this question
hurled:

"What woman is best-dressed through-
out the whole world?"

This problem they pondered with main
and with might,

Each man there contending that his view
was right.

"It's foolish," said one, "and I strongly
affirm

The question at stake is a relative term."

"A matter of time," still another averred,

"And history has spoken no definite
word;

A dress that to-day might be called all
the rage,

Would be out of date in some different
age."

They marshaled the women from east
and from west,

To prove their contention of what was
the best;

From north and from south in a goodly
array,
They brought forth examples to help
win the day;
The ancient and modern were passed in
review,
The old-fashioned women and those who
are new.

The maidens of Athens, the beauties of
France,
Were cited as dressers, whose gowns
would entrance;
The belles of Italia, the girls of Madrid,
Were favorites whose dressing brought
many a bid;
American girls and those over the sea,
Were pictured, as what good dressers
should be.

When each had exhausted his reasons
and art,
The various factions were still far apart.
Then spoke one who thus far had uttered
no word,
And said: "Just a moment, I'd like to be
heard;
I have here a picture I want you to see;
I'm thinking that with me, you all will
agree,

“Among the world’s women resplend-
ently dressed,
She only is worthy to be called the best.”
All eager, expectant, they flocked round
his chair,
And silently looked at the picture held
there.
“Well, fellows,” said someone, “this ques-
tion’s at rest,
Of all wondrous dresses, this one is the
best.”

And all those whose eyes on the likeness
were bent,
To verdict thus rendered, gave earnest
assent.
The picture they saw there was sweet as
the light,
A woman arrayed in a plain gown of
white,
And resting in beauty upon her fair head,
A white cap, and on it, a cross blazoned
red.

"OVER THE TOP"

Over the top in the dead of night,
Over the top to find a fight;
Over the top with heads bent low,
Over the top the shadows go;
Over the top a little band
To take a chance in "No Man's Land."
Over the top—a tiny spark
And signal shells whirl through the dark,
Machine guns bark and big guns roar,
And hurtling death the bomb planes pour.
Over the top with dare and dash,
Over the top with thrust and smash,
Over the top—but what's the use,
Over the top and hell breaks loose.

THE PACIFIST

Most of us by nature, are a bunch of
pacifists,
In a catalogue of fighters, we are not
upon the lists,
We have kindly dispositions, and we hate
to suffer pain,
And for peace and quiet living, we contend
with might and main;
But a pacifist by nature, may a warrior
become,
Until to peaceful matters, he is deaf and
blind and dumb.
He is changed in all his viewpoint; in all
his peaceful bent,
By the march of circumstances, or the
trend of some event.

If one should come into your home, and
you become his friend,
To him you are a pacifist, and will be to
the end.
But if he comes at midnight, and disturbs
your calm repose,
By entrance with a jimmy, you would
land upon his nose.
If a man insults your sister, that's the
man you try to lick,

Although you were a pacifist, you become
a fighter quick.

If a nation says to yours, "We will buy
and sell and trade,"

And resulting from that offer, there has
been a treaty made;

Toward that nation and its people, it is
proper to insist,

That every citizen of yours should be-
come a pacifist;

But if so be, that country should come
charging through the years,

With gun and saber in its hand, and leav-
ing blood and tears;

If it declares its right divine, to take what
it can find,

And threatens in its purpose, the en-
slavement of mankind,

Then that nation which is peaceful, in
justice and with right,

Should draw the sword of honor, and for
freedom make its fight.

MY SERVICE FLAG

I hail you, little service flag;
To you I give a cheer;
 To the star of blue
 On the field of you,
So gallantly waving here.

God bless you, little service flag,
For you I breathe a prayer;
 For this bright, blue star,
 Is my lad gone far
To the trenches "over there."

"DIGGING IN"

This stunt of livin' in the mud,
With not a chance to change a dud,
Would never make a hit with me—
Ain't nothin' in it's I can see.
It seems like playin' hide and seek;
And makes me feel just like a sneak
A prowlin' through a damp, dark hole
Like some long-legged human mole.

I'd rather take a chance out there
Where goin's rough and fightin's fair;
I never felt that I was made
To do my scrappin' with a spade.
There is one kind of "diggin' in"
That I am sure would help us win;
The kind of diggin' that I crave
Is that which makes a German's grave.

If at that job I get a chance,
I'll dig a trench through northern France;
I'll make it deep, and when all through
I'll take the Kaiser and his crew,
And put them in so they will stay
Until the resurrection day.
If shovelin' will help us win,
'Twill be that kind of diggin' in.

HIS GIRL

Between you and me
A sea,
And continent;
And yet you seem to be
Here in my tent.
It was this day
Last year
I asked the age-old question,
And bent to hear
Your answer.
It came in accents sweet,
The one I longed to hear;
And this was it:
"I love you, dear."
Then came the call.
And I enlisted and prepared to go,
To leave you—
My all.
And when you knew,
You said
That you would have it so;
That you would rather have me fall;
That you would rather far
Have me lie dead
Upon the field of war,
Than to keep me there
Alive, beside you,

Knowing that to my country I had been
 unfair,
When others had been true,
And when I came away,
Bright eyed
You said "good-bye."
You did not cry,
But smiles
Lit up your face,
On which there was no trace
Of tears.
Through many lengthening miles
That scene has helped me,
And will through all the years.
I always seem to see
You there
Upon the station platform,
The flag within your hand;
You, so brave and fair;
The flag, the symbol of the homeland.
To-morrow I shall know the great ad-
 venture.
I shall hear the cannon roar,
And know the intimate rattle of machine
 guns;
I shall see the pour
Of blood from gaping wounds;
I shall try my courage with the Huns.
That's to-morrow, dear.
To-night, I'm sitting here
Alone by candle light,
With your picture in my hand.

It seems that you have come to me
From across the distance;
From the Western land,
Beyond the sea,
To give me courage for to-night;
To go with me in to-morrow's fight,
To help me in the hour of blood.
And through the stifling smoke your face
 will be my guide;
And through the flood
Of battle
I will feel you by my side;
And in all the tumult and swirl
Of the conflict, where death
Shall hold high carnival,
I shall feel upon my cheek, your breath,
And I shall need you, O, my girl.
Good-night, sweetheart;
Although between us
Lie a sea
And continent,
You are close beside me,
Here in my tent.

AMBITION

I'm just a mangy, mongrel cur,
You can't find any homelier;
Whate'er I try, I always fail,
My life has been a can-tied tail.
The folks all say that in my head
A high ideal would soon be dead,
And that ambition in my heart
Would never get a good fair start.

But lying here one summer day,
While trying to keep the flies away,
I thought that I would ask my boss
If I could join the dog's Red Cross;
And wear some khaki on my hide
With Red Cross emblems on the side,
And go with him to take a chance
Upon the battlefields of France.

Now don't you think that's a high ideal
For a mongrel pup like me to feel?

THE TRENCH

Out in the gloom,
There boom
The heavy guns
Of the Huns;
And the bugle summons with blast and
blare,
And the searchlights sweeping the upper
air,
For the German planes that are watching
there;
Out in the gloom,
There boom
The heavy guns.

Here in the trench,
The stench
Of those who tried
And died;
Of the brave who fought in the blood-red
flare,
Of the battle fires with their gleam and
glare,
Going down at last, 'neath the shrapnel's
tear;
Here in the trench,
The stench
Of those who died.

Out in the night,
A fight
With fist and heel,
And steel;
A barrage behind; a barrage before
And between, big guns, from whose black
throats pour
Enfilading death, with a scream and roar;
Out in the night,
A fight
With fist and heel.

Here in this hole,
A soul
Trusting in God,
And the sod;
While the bombs still broke and the
shells still tore
Through the flesh of men; and their blood
and gore
In the trench was strewn by the hand of
war;
Here in this hole,
A soul
Trusting in God.

"GONE WEST"

Old pal of mine who loved me so, and
 proved it many times to me,
 I'm sitting here in loneliness, and
 thinking much of you to-day;
 For you my heart is aching sore,
 And I am missing more and more
The comradeship of soldier days, that
 came to mean so much to me,
 For when the boys were feeling blue,
 the heart of you was light and gay.

Your shoulder touched my shoulder, when
 we on the field of battle lay,
 While round us like a cyclone swept
 the hissing bullets of the Huns;
 And then it was, you asked with glee,
 "Can't this big bunch of round heads
 see
That we have got their measure pat, and
 that we'll skin them good to-day;
 That we don't care a tinker's dam for
 all the popping of their guns?"

And then the laugh died on your lips—
 they got you with a shrapnel shell;
 I caught and eased you down a bit, so
 you could better get your breath,

 c c c
 c c c
 c c c

And as I held you to my breast,
You said, "Good-bye, I'm going
West,
But tell the boys to 'carry on,' and don't
be sorry that I fell,"
And thus it was I left you there, upon
the blood-soaked field of death.

My heart was sore and heavy, when I saw
the sun go down last night,
Sinking in an amber sea, just like a
mammoth ball of fire;
Away beyond the ocean tide,
Where waves the flag for which you
died.

And as the day merged into night, the
West was filled with wondrous
light,
As if some gods of war had built a
mighty, crimson funeral pyre.

And all the sky was radiant as if some
master artist's hand
Had used a melted rainbow on the can-
vas of the western sky;
Bright shafts of emerald shot
through
The clouds of violet and blue,
Transforming with the glory of them all
the ocean, sky and land,
While golden banners fringed with
pearls, on ruby ropes were waving
high.

And as I looked it came to me that if the
West meant that to you,
I would not have you back again if
you could answer to my call;
The Great Commander knew the best
When orders came that sent you
West;
I'll just be glad you were my pal; and
I'll no longer grieve for you,
But I will join you some great day, if
in the fight I, too, shall fall.

THRUST AND PARRY

The ladies had been feeding
The Jackies from the station;
When one this question asked them,
As he consumed his ration:
"Why is it that these functions
To which we're kindly carried
Are planned and executed
By women who are married?"
The quick thrust of the Jackie
A matron archly parried,
And countered with the question,
"How can you tell we're married?"
He sidestepped for an instant,
Then flashed his mental sword:
"Go on," said he, "that's easy,
How can you tell a Ford?"

WAR

War is existence in muddy trench,
With crawling vermin and sickening
 stench,
With burn of sun and the rain's chill
 drench.

War is a bomb from the upper air,
The gleam of bayonets keen and bare,
The flooding light of the star shell's glare.

War is the sound of the airplane's roar,
And human targets on which to pour
The bombs of death as they dive and
 soar.

War is the sword with its leap and slash,
Machine gun rattle and cannon crash,
The bayonet charge and gun stock smash.

War is the lumbering, staggering tank,
In ruthless plunge over trench and bank,
A blazing blast—then—an emptied rank.

War is destroying "the other one,"
With fist and heel or with bomb or gun,
Or through his body, cold steel to run.

War is the sound of the fatal shot,
The haunting cry of the man you "got,"
A human body left there to rot.

War is blood on the golden grain,
Where lie the heaps of heroic slain,
Released by death from their hellish pain.

War is the sepulchre of the deep,
Where foemen lie in their dreamless
sleep,
And U-boat pirates their vigils keep.

War is the blasting of human lives,
And making widows of happy wives,
The glint of saber, the ring of knives.

War is the shrapnel's mangling tear,
The anguished cry and the sightless stare,
The empty sleeve and the vacant chair.

War is the lasting, vivid scars,
The royal badge of a son of Mars,
A face upturned to the pitying stars.

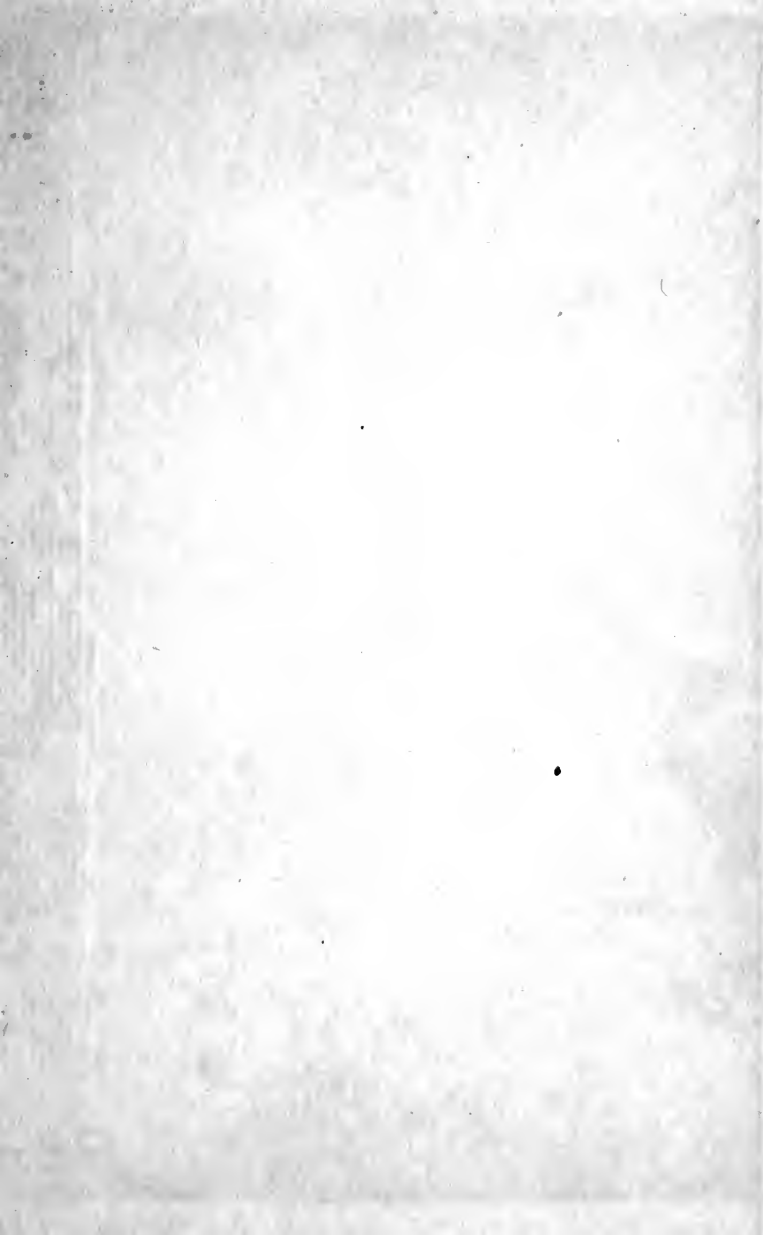
War is a crutch, of the man a part,
A sob of grief and the tear drops start,
The shivering sound of a breaking heart.

War is to stand by the old home door,
Awaiting there with a heart full sore,
For one whose step will be heard no
more.

PEACE

When the last German brute has been
driven
From where he has ravished fair
France;
When the cohorts in gray have been
riven
By freedom's resistless advance;
When the beasts of Berlin are sent crash-
ing
From Belgium, by khaki and blue,
And the English and Frenchmen are
mashing,
And smashing in victory through;
When the Huns are defeated and broken,
And over the Rhine have been hurled,
When the last of their great guns has
spoken
Its message of hate to the world;
When the march of the modern crusader,
In sudden, o'erwhelming surprise,
Has swept the proud Austrian invader
From under Italia's blue skies;
When the Kaiser at last has been beaten,
His sword broken off in his fist,
With no pity his anguish to sweeten,
His world hopes, all vanished like mist,
When the rule of the Prussian is ended,
His crown lying there in the dust,

And his knees in submission are bended,
His war crosses covered with rust;
Only then can a peace that is lasting
Be brought to our war-troubled race;
Less than this would be only the casting
Of duty in destiny's face;
Such a counterfeit peace—but a blunder,
Which statesmanship never could
mend;
Just a treaty to be torn asunder—
Another world war at the end.
The one who is pleading the strongest
For peace, before victory is won,
Is he who continues the longest
The brutalized reign of the Hun.



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